

HUSBANDS IN WAITING.

Why should any woman be without a husband when by the expenditure of a small amount of money she can be put in the way of having one or many? At least, the experience of a Chicago woman goes to show that potential husbands are waiting on every other corner ready to be gathered in by an enterprising lady who happens along, says the Indianapolis Star. "All a woman has to do," she says, "is to join a matrimonial agency," adding, "I am a member of three myself and a life member of one." She is a member of three because her fastidious taste leads her to become easily dissatisfied with the prizes she secures, and her sudden appearance in the limelight is due to the fact that she acquired several without the preliminary of getting divorced from any, and the fourth one in number for the year 1910 was unkind enough to enter a protest. It is not, of course, advisable to follow the course of the Chicago woman in taking husbands simultaneously; it is well to be off with the old love before being on with the new, at least legally; but the Chicago woman's experience goes to show that men are not the elusive creatures that some suppose, but that more or less eligible specimens are within the reach of any lonely lady willing to take a moderate amount of trouble and to expend a small sum in postage stamps. In short, women who wish to marry and have been unable to do so because of the apparent shyness of men nearest at hand should cheer up.

There has been nothing more sensational in the history of aviation than the circumstances of the flight of John B. Moisant from Belmont Park to the Statue of Liberty and back, says the New York Sun. There never was a melodrama or a fiction that contained any more improbability than this story of the Chicago striping, who, after smashing his own aeroplane and apparently losing his chance to enter the race, bought a new machine for an excessive price in a bargain made over a telephone with a disabled pilot of the air, jumped into it, soared up above a vast assemblage of people at the last moment, held his way straight over the roofs of a populous city, driving the engine at top speed, reached his goal, rounded it and sped back two thousand feet in the air to snatch the rich prize from the hand of the man whom everybody believed to be the victor.

The hobbies of the rich collectors are sometimes as silly as those of the street boy. A French banker, who died recently left a collection of 63,000 cigar bands, each differing in some particular from the others. These had cost him fifty years of smoking, and had been arranged systematically in a number of specially constructed cabinets. None of his children shared his taste, so it was decided to sell the bands. When put up to auction the collection which had entailed the expenditure of so much time and money realized twenty francs. The children would have preferred fifty years of cigars.

The boss potato raiser of this country is our old friend Secretary Wilson. He is so tired of those chunks of soggy something or other that come on the table that he has set his experts to raising 30,000 varieties of spuds in the hope that out of the whole mess he will be able to find one on which the guarantee of mealy can be written. The secretary is in the way of becoming the greatest benefactor of the age.

Sixteen battleships of the Atlantic fleet are off for the other side, and will present their visiting cards at a number of ports bordering on the English Channel. As their mission is a peaceful one, they will be welcome wherever they go. The jacksies will enjoy this personally conducted tour of Uncle Sam's, and the navy will profit by the experience of cruising in foreign waters.

A man in Washington lighted a cigar while holding a bag of gunpowder in his hand. He shared the usual fate of the man who persists in using of warning and experience in looking for a gas leak with a naked light. When fools prepare the train of events it is generally the expected which happens.

An American opera singer in denying her reported engagement to a title volunteered the information that she had met a number of dukes, and that, taken individually and collectively, "they are not worth a ding." Her emphasis was almost masculine.

If the promised penny postage will reduce the number of picture post cards that flow in on one every time a friend leaves town, then let us have it and at once.

In Pittsburg a woman is suing for divorce because her husband has not had a bath for six months. Pittsburg is a particularly bad place in which to go unbathed for so long.

They used to say that when war was made too bloody it must cease. What they meant was perhaps too bloody expensive.

One of the Newport bunch wears \$100 silk stockings. Guaranteed?

TURNING ON LIGHT

PRESIDENT VAIL'S BOLD MOVE MARKS EPOCH IN FINANCE.

"Accuracy" Reduced Western Union's Surplus \$13,000,000.—"Publicity" Inspired Such Confidence That Its Stock Went Up.

Are the great financiers of the country beginning to see a new light? Time was, until recently in fact, when the men at the head of the big corporations "kept their business to themselves," as far as the law would allow. Capable men at the head of the big concerns, long realized the weakness of their position, but what was needed obviously, as in all great reforms, was an unmistakable occasion and a courageous man. The occasion arose in the purchase of the Western Union Telegraph company by the American Telephone and Telegraph company, and the man appeared in Theodore N. Vail, President of the purchasing corporation.

It was last December when public announcement was made that the Gould holdings of Western Union had been taken over by the Telephone company.

On account of the high esteem in which the management of the telephone company is so generally held, great things were predicted as a result of the absorption of Western Union. By the press of the country the "deal" was most favorably commented on, it being widely pointed out that under the direction of such men as Theodore N. Vail and his associates, the telegraph company was bound soon to work itself into a position where it could offer the public far more efficient service than it had ever before been able to offer.

But a very few months had elapsed when it became apparent to the new management that a modern and up-to-date appraisal of the company's assets would make possible a far greater degree of efficiency of operation. "Here," they said to themselves, "we've bought control of this property and we know it's immensely valuable, but we don't know just how valuable. These appraisals of real estate and securities owned were made a long time ago. If we have a complete inventory made of every thing we've got we can announce the facts to the public, start a new set of books, and begin our responsibility to stockholders right there."

How Inventory Was Taken.

The most expert accountants and appraisers to be had were put at the task. Their labors lasted over eight months. Their report and its publication by the company marks an epoch in finance.

It began by recommending an adjustment of the difference between the appraised and book values by a charge of \$5,500,000 against surplus. Book values of securities held were reduced to market values, bad and doubtful accounts were "charged off" an allowance of \$2,000,000 was made for "depreciation," another of \$500,000 for "reserve," and so on, until the old surplus of \$18,867,000 came down to \$5,136,000.

It required courage, the publication of this statement to stockholders, saying in effect: "The property of your company has been revealed; the surplus isn't nineteen millions, as you have been led to believe, but five millions," but it was the truth, and President Vail did not flinch. "Accuracy and publicity," he declared, was essential. "The stockholder has a right to know. The shares of this company are scattered from one end of the Union to the other. This is more than a private corporation. It is a great national enterprise. The public is entitled to the facts."

The report was ordered published forthwith. Financiers of the old school and speculators generally were aghast. What would happen? Would the bottom drop out of Western Union when the shareholders realized that their property was worth \$13,000,000 less than they had supposed? But the amazing thing happened. The stock went up and stayed up. The public had responded to this remarkable display of frankness and confidence; to the new motto, "Accuracy and Publicity."

The full significance of the action of the new board is stated concisely by Harper's Weekly in these words: "Is this policy of publicity and open-handed dealing with shareholders and public the forerunner of a similar movement on the part of other big corporations? Certainly it is to be hoped that it is. In the case of these big companies, dependent upon public patronage and doing business under public franchise, can there be any question of the right of the people to know?"

"That right is being recognized. It is recognized now in this epochal act on the part of the telephone and telegraph interests. It is the dawn of a new era in corporation finance."

Soothed Boston Babe.

The Boston infant was restless and peevish. Its nurse had crooned "Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top, when the wind blows the cradle will rock," a long time in vain. The babe would not fall under its lullaby. Then its fond mother sang to it gently: "The vibrating atmosphere causes the asporic receptacle where the babe lies encoiled to oscillate in the arboreal apex." No need to chafe further. Instantly soothed, the babe, with a satisfied smile, fell away in slumber.

Bread and Butter for Babies.

There is no place in which bread and butter can be so beneficial or potent as in the nursery. The worst thing you can give a young baby up for a year old is bread. But, later on, bread becomes useful. It should never be given raw to a child at any age, but stale bread or toast, or bread baked crisp is excellent for children. We really want more crisp foods now, and if this fact was taken to heart the next generation would suffer less from decayed teeth and weak digestion.

The World's Wonders

STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

Plucked in Service of Woman



More like a plucked turkey on stilts than the big feathery bird we all know is the ostrich after he has been robbed of his plumes for the use of the women of fashion. However, though distressingly nude, the ostrich does not seem to mind his temporary condition but is apparently quite happy.

GREATEST MOTHER IN WORLD



Mrs. Morris is said by all who know her to live well up to the Golden Rule she has taken as her life's motto.

CURSE WAS ON GREAT HOTEL

A curious tradition lingers around the Savoy Hotel, London, where some wonderful alterations have just been carried out. When this great establishment was first opened it had a singular run of ill-luck. One of the directors, seeking to learn the cause of it, was told an odd story. The land on which the hotel was built had formerly belonged to a monastic order which was expelled at the Reformation. On leaving, the abbot had cursed the ground, declaring that any enterprise connected with it should not prosper. On hearing this tale the director sought out a monastery of the ex-

Neptune's Court on the Line



There is no more picturesque celebration at sea than the ancient ceremony of crossing the equator. For centuries no ship, big or little, has "crossed the line" without paying honor to Neptune, however crudely. Of late years these ceremonies are often elaborately staged. The sensation of crossing the equator is unfamiliar even to the most experienced travelers. Passenger traffic moves around the world along parallel lines, and while 10,000 voyagers cross the Atlantic ocean, few sail from the north to south Atlantic, thus carrying them across the equator.

Only last year the first large party of tourists "crossed the line" incidental to a trip from the United States to South America. The party consisted of 350 Americans and the celebration of the crossing, the first participated in by so many pleasure seekers in the history of passenger traffic, surpassed all precedent. Began sailing from New York, the Bluecher was equipped with all the

pelled order which still exists in Devonshire, and by much tact and diplomacy induced the abbot there to go through the form of removing the curse. No one who is aware of the position the Savoy holds in London today can doubt that the removal was effective.

WAT TYLER'S ENORMOUS BOOT

No man living in England has a more remarkable collection of relics than Lord Llangatock at the Hendre, Monmouth. Amongst them is an ancient and clumsy boot, which belonged to the celebrated Wat Tyler. Invited to a party at Smithfield with Richard II. in 1380, Tyler addressed the king in a menacing manner, now and again lifting up his sword. On this, the Mayor Walworth stunned Tyler with his mace, and one of the king's knights



dispatched him. The sole and heel of this boot are enormous, and on the side of the leg is the mark of a sword cut.

Of two evils the small boy always chooses the one that makes the most noise.

CAMPFIRE STORIES

HE SAVED LINCOLN'S LIFE

Timothy Webster Had Much to Do With Spiriting President-Elect From Harrisburg.

In 1861 the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road was the only direct line connecting New York city and the New England States with Washington; that the railroad should be kept unbroken at this critical time was of the utmost importance, writes W. B. Beyer in Harper's Magazine. It was readily discovered that a plot existed among the Maryland secessionists to cut the line by burning the bridges, but the first hint of the real purpose of the conspirators came to Pinkerton in a letter from the master machinist of the railroad, Mr. William Stearns. He wrote:

"I am informed that a son of a distinguished citizen of Maryland said that he had taken an oath with others to assassinate Mr. Lincoln before he gets to Washington."

This letter was received on February 10—the day before Mr. Lincoln



Was Interrupted by Three Strangers.

left his home in Springfield, Ill., and started on his eastern tour en route for Washington.

Pinkerton sent for more of his men, and redoubled his efforts to learn something tangible of this or any other plot. Time passed rapidly. Such a conspiracy, well organized, did exist—he learned enough in Baltimore to convince him of that; also—through Stearns—that a branch of the organization was at Perrymanville in the guise of a cavalry company. Webster, who had been withdrawn from there, was hurried back, and within 24 hours had been enrolled as a member of the company. Then, handicapped by the shortness of time, he made a supreme effort to gain the confidence of the inner circle of conspirators, who alone were in the principal plot. Few men could have succeeded as Webster did, few have such a personality as his. Naturally he was of a quiet, reserved disposition, seldom speaking unless spoken to, and never betraying emotion or excitement.

"Webster's talent for sustaining a role of this kind amounted to positive genius; in a lifetime of detective experience I have never met one who could more readily adapt himself to circumstances," Allan Pinkerton has written.

It was with such a weapon that Webster was making his great fight.

The tour of the president-elect was rapidly drawing to its end. Webster, consummate actor, was making haste slowly; grave, fiery, serious, bold—each at the golden time, he played with a masterful hand upon the excited, high-strung conspirators. From the first his efforts had been covertly directed against the cavalry company's officers; they were in the secret or no one was. At last, one morning after drill, the captain with much secrecy asked him to call that night at his home, "and say nothing about it." How the time must have dragged till the appointed hour! But with the first step he made into a room whose windows were hung with heavy quilts and blankets he knew that success had come at last. Webster was introduced to three strangers in the group, members of the league from Baltimore; then took his place at the table with the rest and listened—joining in now and then with a word or two—as they discussed the plans for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln at the Calvert street depot in Baltimore, on February 23. The plans were fully matured except for the selection of the person to fire the shot.

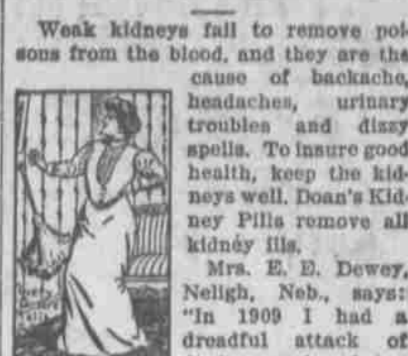
The story of how Allan Pinkerton placed his proofs of the conspiracy before Lincoln in the Continental hotel in Philadelphia on the night of February 21; of the spiriting of Mr. Lincoln out of Harrisburg next evening back to Philadelphia in a private train—while Harrisburg, with telegraph wires secretly grounded, lay cut off from all communication with the outside world; of the passage through Baltimore in the dead of night, and the safe arrival of the president-elect, accompanied by Allan Pinkerton and Colonel Lamont, in Washington at six o'clock in the morning of the day he was expected in Baltimore, has been told again and again, but Timothy Webster's part is known to but few.

A 34-Inch Soldier.

"Julien Houcard de Manves, le plus petit soldat de France." Such was the announcement placarded upon the windows of a shop on a fete day in the town of Argentan in France during last summer. By paying a small charge one might enter and look upon his extraordinary little man.

By English calculations he is 34½ inches in height and weighs 44 pounds. Although he appears like a child of four, yet he is over twenty years of age. On the latter account he has necessarily to respond to the call of his country.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY KIDNEYS.



Weak kidneys fail to remove poisons from the blood, and they are the cause of backache, headaches, urinary troubles and dizzy spells. To insure good health, keep the kidneys well. Doan's Kidney Pills remove all kidney ills.

Mrs. E. E. Dewey, Neill, Neb., says: "In 1909 I had a dreadful attack of dropsy, my face being

so puffed I could hardly see and my feet and hands were terribly swollen. Doan's Kidney Pills were advised and I began taking them. It required only short use to restore my kidneys to a normal condition."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ancient City Modernized. Tarsus, the ancient city in Asia Minor, where the apostle Paul was born, is now illuminated by electricity. The power is taken from the Cydnus river. There are now in Tarsus 450 electric street lights and about 600 incandescent lights for private use.

For an early breakfast, nothing so good Mrs. Austin's Pancake Flour.

Was All Right.

Howard—Did you telephone Mrs. Howard that I would be detained at the office until midnight?

Office Boy—Yes, sir.

"And what did she say?"

"Said she didn't blame you—she had made an engagement to go to the theater herself."—Smart Set.

16 YEARS OF SKIN DISEASE

"For sixteen long years I have been suffering with a bad case of skin disease. While a child there broke out a red sore on the legs just in back of my knees. It waxed from bad to worse and at last I saw I had a bad skin disease. I tried many widely known doctors in different cities but to no satisfactory result. The plague both in winter and being on my leg joints it made it impossible for me to walk and I was forced to stay indoors in the warmest weather. My hopes of recovery were by this time spent. Sleepless nights and restless days made life as unbearable burden. At last I was advised to try the Cuticura remedies (Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills) and I did not need more than a trial to convince me that I was on the road of success this time. I bought two sets of the Cuticura Remedies and after these were gone I was a different man entirely. I am now the happiest man that there is at least one true cure for skin diseases. Leonard A. Hawt, 11 North Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., July 30 and Aug. 8, '09."

Old Pete's Little Joke. Foolish questions and funny answers were under discussion in the Trenton avenue and Dauphin street police station the other day, and after listening for a while to some amusing instances, Sergeant McKay told the following:

"Old Pete Flood was the attendant in the Franklin cemetery some years ago, and it became the custom to ask him how business was, just to hear his reply. It came in a heavy bass voice:

"'Ain't buried a living soul today.'"

—Philadelphia Times.

Benny on Benevolence.

Benevolence is a great thing. When you have benevolence you cannot rest until you do something to make other people feel grateful to you. The other day my mamma went up into the attic to find a lot of old clothes to give to poor people who could not afford to buy any clothes for themselves. While she was hunting around she found a gold-headed cane worth \$25 that grandpa had put up there 18 years ago, and forgot all about it. Thus we see, dear friends, benevolence brings its own reward.—Benny.

Saw Only Physical Idea.

One of his friends once asked Mr. Darwin's gardener about his master's health, and how he had been lately. "Oh!" he said, "my poor master has been very sickly. I often wish he had something to do. He roams about in the garden, and I have seen him stand doing nothing before a flower for ten minutes at a time. If he only had something to do I really believe he would be better."

Acme of Outlandishness.

Seymour—Young Tiger looks like a cautious man.

Ashley—He is cautious; he's so cautious that he wouldn't ask the prettiest girl in all the world to let him see her home unless he had learned how far away she lived.

Shrinking from suffering may be feeling from strength.

Post Toasties

With Cream

or With Milk

With Fruit.

Savoury

Wholesome

Economical

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.